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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Star.]

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

We publish, at the request of a friend, a very interesting article from the London Quarterly Review, in relation to the restoration of the Jewish people to their ancient possessions and government in the Holy Land. The article unites to some political speculations much of that religious feeling and hope of conversion to Christianity, which are inseparable from a consideration of this important subject, and which must, more or less, mingle itself in the discussion of a question so powerfully interesting to all the nations of the earth. We have been sometime of the opinion that political events in the East were taking that direction, which, in the progress of time, and that at no remote period, would require the intervention of some new and powerful nation, to check the advance of Russia towards the Persian dominions—to protect the British possessions in India, and divert the current of trade through shorter and more direct channels—to interpose or mediate between the despotic and fierce conflicts now carrying on by the Sultan of Turkey and the Pacha of Egypt—to open the old ports on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean, and revive their former commerce—to retrieve the long neglected agricultural districts of Syria—to adopt valuable and important projects of internal improvement, connecting the maritime ports with the embouchments of the Red Sea, by means of railroads over the level plains, improve the navigation of the Nile and the Euphrates, and infuse new energies into that once powerful and always deeply interesting country, by means of capital, protection, mild and equitable laws, and a just, liberal and tolerant government To accomplish these important objects, the attention of all nations is about to be directed to the Jewish people—so long and so faithfully protected by the Almighty—so long and so unjustly persecuted by man. It is, therefore, with calm philosophy, and not with religious zeal, that we propose to examine into the practicability and feasibilty of the project; to look at it with the eye of a politician, not with the enthusiasm of a zealot; to calculate from principles fixed what can be done in the furtherance of this important object, not what we wish or hope to have done, or to see accomplished. It is, indeed, a subject which few men of any religion dare trust themselves to discuss freely, for all religious, Jewish, Christian, and Moslem, have a deep and abiding interest in the restoration of the Jewish nation, which, in time, must extend its benign influence in fulfilling the destinies of this people, even among untold millions of Pagans who yet inhabit the East.

The Holy Land, so called, or Syria, proper, contains very little more than 50,000 square miles of tillable ground, part of which is mountainous, and part rich valleys, producing abundance of grain, vines, mulberries, fruits of all kinds, tobacco, olives, &c. &c., and can, if properly cultivated, supply two or three millions of people with grain and cattle. If the country is made to embrace, as it would be in time, the ancient Syria, which comprised Phœnicia, Palestine, Mesopotomia, Babylon and Assyria, a vast accession of territory would be thereby secured. The seaports, however, which are of the most importance, are but few in number, and possess but indifferent roadsteds. Alexandretta or Scanderoon, Tripoli, Bairout, Saida, Sur, Acre and Jaffa. Sur, or Sour, was the ancient and celebrated Tyre,—a port which, with some expense and trouble, may be again made into a great commercial metropolis, being but eighty miles from Jerusalem; and Jaffa, a port capable of great improvement, being but thirty-four miles from the Holy City. Independent of the commerce and manufactures of that country, including silks and cotton stuffs, wool, leather, soap, arms, drugs, &c. &c., the great commercial advantages arising from Syria being in possession of an enterprising people, would be the adoption of a system of internal improvements, for the establishment of what is called the overland trade to India, or rather to save the delay and expense of doubling the Cape of Good Hope, by reviving the great ancient channel through the Red Sea. From the Mediterranean to Suez is but sixty miles, over an entire level country requiring no grading, and which by railroad may be reached in a few hours. From Suez to the Straits of Babelmandel down the Red Sea is but 1400 miles—the navigation of which can be rendered safe by new surveys, having Mocha and several other ports easy of access, and so into the Indian Ocean. The whole commerce of India, therefore, entering the Red Sea, can be conveyed by steam or tow boats in twelve days to Suez, and in one day by railroad to the Mediteranean, and by steam to England in 25 days, making the trip from Bombay to England by sea in 45 days, and to Italy and France in 35. This rapidity of communication established and maintained by a commercial and enterprising people, would forever secure the possessions of England, and at the same time greatly reduce the expense of vast armies, now deemed indispensable, as a check upon rebellious subjects,—the encroachments also of the Persians, and the never tiring intrigues of Russia. The revival of trade from the opening of the Syrian ports would greatly benefit the commerce of France; while the Sultan on the one side, and the Pacha of Egypt on the other, animated by these new enterprises, would unite their energies and resources in carrying out the march of civilization in European and Asiatic Turkey. Such are the political considerations and projects of immediate interest, which would justify the two great maritime powers of Europe, England and France, in taking measures to effect the sale of that territory to the Jews, and securing to them by treaty the occupancy and peaceful possession of their ancient heritage.

In the formation of new communities, and the organization of new governments, many years must elapse before society can be modelled on pure principles, and men of character and talent brought into the administration of public affairs. Thus, on the delivery of Greece, the world looked in vain for the wisdom of Socrates, or the patriotism of Epaminondas. All new communities must of necessity be undisciplined in the science of government, and not readily restrained by the restrictions and obligations of law; time only, with its mellowing influence, an influence also of good example, can incline the people to carry out the great principles which give rank and character to the nations of the earth. This, however, does not apply to the Jews. Cut off as they have been for so many centuries, from the administration of government, and scattered in every region throughout the world, when the trumpet is again heard on Zion, no wild, savage, or reckless body of men, will assemble in the city of David. Europe and Asia will send forth from this people, a most powerful confederacy of eminent men,—combining more wealth, learning, character, sagacity, and enterprise, than any nation on the face of the earth. The *materials* of a first rate army, in officers and men, from every part of the continent; statesmen, politicians, and capitalists from England; artists and men of science from France and Italy; eminent physicians, theologians, doctors of laws, professors, artizans, and manufacturers, from Holland and Germany, and agriculturists from Poland, the Ukraine, Wallachia, the Danube, and the Dneiper. Every occupation and pursuit, together with intelligent and enterprising merchants, and immense pecuniary resources, can, and will no doubt be brought to bear on the reorganization of the Jewish government. All may not go to the promised land; all may not wish to go, or may not have the will or power to go; but all will feel an interest in contributing their portion to the restoration of Israel, all will rejoice wherever they may be located, at hearing that the flag of their country once more floats on the walls of Jerusalem.

But how is this great and desirable event to be brought about? We answer at once, not by the Jews but by the Christian powers. The learned, and particular pious Jews deem it sinful to anticipate the period, by any movement of their own, when it shall please the Almighty to fulfil his promises of restoration; they rely on miracles, probably without reflecting that God works by human agents, that he disposes of events, and inclines the hearts of men to certain actions, which, when taken up and carried out in their proper spirit, works the very miracles long promised and most desirable. The Jews, therefore, can only co-operate; the Christians must act as pioneers in the great work, and they owe this debt to the Jews; they owe it for all their sufferings and persecutions for centuries before the Reformation; they owe it in return for their preservation of the scriptures—the hope and consolation of religion; they owe it to them in the fulfilment of all the promises made to the ancient and chosen people; they owe it to the character of Him who came, as is said, 'to fulfil the law.' Every where we see societies, communities established to effect some good object—Bible societies, missionary societies, of various charitable objects, temperance and reform societies, but as yet no society has been established among Christians for the Restoration of the Jews. South America is free—Greece is liberated—the negroes are emancipated—Christianity has almost exhausted its resources in seeking for good objects in carrying out the principles of faith: and yet the eye has not been directed to the remnant of Israel—the deservedly favored people of Almighty God—the nation that stands like a lofty pillar amid the ruins of empires. The time approaches for action—this country, ever foremost in good works, can do much to incline the governments of Europe to favor the project of the restoration of the Jews, by encouraging the Pacha of Egypt and the Sultan to consent to a transfer of that territory for a stipulated and liberal price, by which the Jewish nation may peaceably occupy their former possessions without the shedding of one drop of human blood. But this must be done separate and apart from any conditions of evangelizing or conversion. No obstacle must be thrown between the promises of the Almighty to his chosen people, and their full and complete accomplishment. Let the restoration be made through the influence and exertions of Christians, and the first great step will have been taken to show what is meant by 'the fulness of the Gentiles,' and time will accomplish all that is desired. Were there no other great consideration in this restoration it would be justified by the march of civilization, arts, letters, science, and good government, which would triumph where now all is barren and despotic.

Let this subject be reflected upon and acted upon, by statesmen and friends of Liberty and Law throughout the world. Religious men will not lose sight of it—they will meditate day and night on the Restoration of the Jews, and the promises made to them, and their miraculous preservation for the fulfillment of those promises. They will rejoice to witness it, and it will be a jubilee throughout the world.

'For lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah, and I will cause them again to return to the land which I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it.' 'And I will break the yoke from off thy neck, and will burst thy bonds, and thou shalt no longer serve strangers; but he shall serve the Lord his God, and David their King, whom I will raise up unto them. Therefore fear not thou, O my servant Jacob, neither be dismayed, O Israel; for lo, I will save from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity, and Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest and quiet, and none shall make him afraid. For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee; though I make a full end of the nations whither I have scattered thee, and will not make a full end of thee. I will be God of all the families of Israel and he shall be my people.

'The mind that does not run upon a level, is always in danger of being overturned.'—*Reid.*

FAMILY RELIGION.

Were this subject properly regarded, we should not see that lukewarm disposition which pervades too many breasts, that languid religion which hardly deserves the name; we should not behold members of families that are unacquainted with each other's faith, and, indeed, are frequently ignorant whether they profess any faith or not. The father would not be indifferent to the spiritual welfare of his son, or think talents are equivalent for virtue: the son would not have to say, that he knew not what God his father worshiped. The husband would not look for happiness under any other roof than his own; the wife would not expect sweeter affection than that which arises from the soft charities of domestic life. The master would have no cause to doubt the fidelity of his servant; nor the servant be seduced from the service of his God, by the unsettled—I use no other word—the *unsettled* principles of the master. The mother would not rest contented with the outward accomplishments of the daughter; and the daughter would, above all things, seek the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; would occupy her chief attempts in acquiring habits of piety and true religion, which are in the sight of God of great price, the value of which is more precious than rubies, and all that we can desire is not to be compared unto them.' The young would be sober, modest, obedient, cautious, and condescending; the old would possess the experience of active life, tempered with that which alone renders age venerable, pious resignation springing from a fervent faith, in all the precious promises of the Gospel.—*Brewster.*

The Poor.—The poor are either good or bad, that is, the poverty of men is found either in the way of righteousness, or in the way of wickedness. The good and virtuous poor man, though he deserves our greatest pity, (as by that is signified our propense inclination to do him good and relieve his necessities) yet he is also an object of our greatest esteem and admiration. This is the man that baffles the Devil's challenge to God concerning holy Job, *that serves God for nought*, that courts virtue without regard to her dowry, that is, any visible dowry, any present pay, and by a mighty faith rests satisfied with the future reward. On the other side, the poor man that is wicked in the sight of God as he is wretched in this world, is of all men the most miserable. For how great must be the misery of that man, who being poor towards God as well as man, shall consequently be miserable, not only in this, but in the other life also! This is a poor wretch indeed.—*Bishop Bull.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

It is a fact, that the celebrated Miami Chief, Little Tuttle, made application to the Legislature of Kentucky, about 1803 or 4, for the passage of a law concurrent with other States bordering on the Indian territory, to prohibit their citizens from selling spirituous and intoxicting liquors to Indians.

The arguments of this singular orator of nature were powerful. He appeared before a committee of the board, and ably discussed the subject of intemperance; his argument had the desired effect. An act was passed on the subject to go into operation providing the Legislature of Ohio (then a new State) would pass a similar law restraining her citizens from similar acts. The legislative body whose duty it was to act in Ohio omitted it. The law of Kentucky fell of course. The unwearied Indian Chief was not easily discouraged. Though baffled in the outset, he persevered; nor did he, as many a white man would have done, give it over as a 'vain attempt.' But in the year 1805 and 6, Little Turtle betook himself to various methods to accomplish this truly desirable object.—By every argument in his power he labored to gain over to his cause influential and religious characters, and urged on them to recommend the measure to the President of the United States, which, by the Legislature of Ohio, at its session of 1804, had been neglected. For this purpose Little Turtle, travelled through various parts of the United States, and among the rest betook himself to the quakers. Being permitted to deliver his sentiments publicly, perhaps at a yearly meeting of the Friends Society, he expressed himself nearly as follows:

'*My White Brothers,*—Many of your red brothers in the west have long since discovered and now deeply lament the great evil of drunkenness. It has been many years since it was first introduced among us by our white brothers. Indians do not know how to make strong drink. If it be not shortly stopped among our people, it will be our ruin. We are now in consequence of it a miserable people.* We are poor and naked. We have made repeated attempts to suppress this evil and have fallen. We want our white brothers to help us and we will try again.

'Brothers—We want you to send to our great father, the President of the United States, and let him know our deplorable situation, that the bad men among our white brothers may be stopped from selling whiskey to the Indians. Could you, my brothers, see the evil of this barbarous practice you would pity the poor Indians!

'Brothers—When a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him a first time, 'Take a drink;' he says 'No.' He asks the second time, 'Take a drink, good whiskey;' he says 'No.' He asks a third time, 'Take a drink, no hurt you;' he takes a *little*: then he wants more and then more.—Then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun: the white man takes it. Next his skins: white man takes them. He at last offers his shirt: white man takes it.

'When he gets sober, he begins to inquire—'Where is my gun?' He is told, 'you sold it for whiskey.' 'Where are my skins?' You sold them for whiskey.' 'Where is my shirt?' You sold it for whiskey!' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependent on him and in a starving condition, when he himself is without a shirt!'

The speech of which the above is a substance was with other documents transmitted by the Quakers to Mr Jefferson, when he was in office as President of the United States. By him it was transmitted to the Governor of Ohio, with a pressing request (see Journals H. R. 1808—9) that it should be laid before the Legislature of the State at its next session. He did so. The Legislature with great promptitude acted on the subject, and passed on excellent law which is now in force on that subject.

What an example has been set by this Indian Chief, worthy the imitation of any great man!! And what a pity that the Legislature of Ohio, after having passed so excellent a law, restraining the vending of spirituous liquors to the Indians, should not have passed a similar law against drunkenness among her own citizens!—*Louisville Advertiser.*

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* This was true enough! I saw this tribe in 1819—a more deplorable set of drunken human beings I never beheld! The very women joined in with the men in dishing out whiskey from a large tin bucket, using the top of the bucket for a ladle!

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMAN.

Religion is indeed a woman's panoply, and no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it; no one who appreciates her virtues would weaken their best security. There is nothing so adapted to her wants as religion. Woman has many trials, and she therefore peculiarly needs support: religion is her asylum, not only in heavy afflictions, but in petty disquietudes. These, as they are more frequent, are, perhaps, almost as harassing; at least they equally need a sedative influence, and religion is the anodyne. For it is religion, by placing before her a better and more enduring happiness than this world can offer, reconciles her to temporary privations; and, by acquainting her with the love of God, leads her to rest securely upon His providence in present disappointment. It inspires her with that true content which not only endures distress, but is cheerful under it.

Resignation is not, as we are too apt to portray her, beauty bowered in willows, and bending over a sepulchral urn; neither is she a tragic queen, pathetic only in her weeds. She is an active, as well as passive virtue; an *habitual*, not an occasional sentiment. She should be as familiar to woman as her daily cross; for acquiescence in the detail of Providence is as much a duty as submission to its result; and equanimity amid domestic irritations equally implies religious principle, as fortitude under severer trials. It was the remark of one, who certainly was not disposed to care for trifles, that 'it required as much grace to bear the breaking of a china cup as any of the graver distresses of life.'

And, if religion is such a blessing in the ordinary trials of life, what a soothing balm is it in graver sorrows! From these, woman is by no means exempt; on the contrary, as her susceptibility is great, afflictions press on her with peculiar heaviness. There is sometimes a stillness in her grief which argues only its intensity, and it is this rankling wound which piety alone can heal. Nothing, perhaps, is more affecting than woman's chastened sorrow. Her ties may be severed, her fond hopes withered, her young affections blighted; yet peace may be in her breast, and heaven in her eye. If the business and turmoil of life brush away the tears of manly sorrow, and scarce leave time for the indulgence even of sympathy; woman gathers strength in her solitary chamber to encounter and to subdue her grief. There she learns to look her sorrow in the face; there she becomes familiar with its features; there she communes with it, as with a celestial messenger; till at length she can almost welcome its presence, and hail it as the harbinger of a brighter world.—*Mrs John Sanford.*

Ships.—By the invention of shipping, and the art of navigation, the sea is made, in reality, to join those nations which it appears to divide, the communication being often far more easy and expiditious by water than it would have been by land. The riches of both the Indies are wafted to our shores; we sit at home, and feast upon the productions of every country under heaven, while the superfluity of our own commodities are equally disposed of to advantage abroad. A friendly intercourse is opened between the most distant lands; savages are humanized, and become proficients in the arts and sciences; the gospel is preached among them, and the light of truth made to shine upon those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death; they are taught the art of arts, the science of sciences, the arts of holy living and the science of salvation. A large vessel, with all its conveniences, constructed in such a manner as to go upon the surface of the water, and to brave the fury of the winds and waves, is, perhaps, the master-piece of human contrivance; and the Psalmist, when contemplating the wonders of the ocean, cries out in admiration, as if placed in a situation like this of ours—'There go the ships.'—*Bishop Hall.*

Superstitious Customs in the Pyrenees.—Amongst the old customs still in due observance in the Pyrenees, is one which usually takes place on Shrove Tuesday; when, if there happen to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife, and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbors, placed upon an ass with his face to the tail, and so paraded about; and with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back and breast. The huge Christmas log, steeped in wine, and set round with the smaller ones in form of a cross; the burning brand drawn out of the bonfire on St John's Eve, and carefully preserved to feed the next year's blaze; the cross of flowers, nailed against the door on the same holy vigil, to keep the witches out, are not forgetten in the Pyrenees. The blessed candle is still lighted in a storm; the corn standing in the fields, still blest on Rogation Sunday, with prayer, incense, and holy water. St. Roch (or rather his representative,) continues to bestow his benidiction on the cattle; branches that have been switched in holy water still decorate the cottages at Easter; and many other homely and harmless superstitions which one loves for their pleasant, old-fashioned associations, are kept up in this beautiful and believing land.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS.

To judge from our public festivals, and the toasts given and the speeches delivered on such occasions, we have a large number of men who rise above the common level in this country—men who are stars of the first magnitude. What would Miss Martineau and other English Radicals, think of us democrats, if they could attend one of our public dinners, and hear all the blarney which wine engenders—all the encomiums which our distinguished men, in the fullness of their hearts, pass upon each other? Would they not conclude that Americans, *in their own opinion at least* are the greatest people on the face of the earth? Undoubtedly; and if any ambitious aspirations moved their breasts, they might be tempted to patronize the Americans and become citizens; for what are English ribbons, English garters, and English titles of nobility, compared to the oil of American flattery, poured so liberally into the ear and over the whole costume, till it reaches the very shoe-tie, polishing and brightening and perfuming every thing it besmears in its downward course. I am not over critical, neither am I envious, for I have been be-puffed and be-powdered in my time with these republican compliments, till I have learned to despise them. They are as hollow as the wind, and they make a people—a free people, who boast of their equal rights, ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners. If people will be 'distinguished,' let them vindicate their purpose by their acts. A fortunate circumstance may elevate an individual, for a moment, above his peers, and, if so, let him improve his opportunity. The world will keep its position, even if he does his duty, and he may achieve an exploit, without attempting to chain the ocean.

I do believe, seriously, that our republican demigods are so fond of flattery, that they embrace every public occasion to flatter each other in order that they may be flattered themselves in their turn. They are as fond of calculating as any Yankee—will do nothing without a consideration—a *quid pro quo*. 'If you will call *me* 'distinguished,' I will take care,' says the little nabob, 'that the public is not long left in ignorance, that *you* are one of the greatest men alive.' 'Agreed,' says his friend, 'I consent to the arrangement. We will bolster each other up, until the people shout, and clap, and stare again. It is the true way to become popular and get office. The people generally will never know what important characters we are, unless we din it perpetually into their ears, and we must assist each other in the operation like good friends who have a common object in view.' 'I am about,' says the Honorable Mr ——, 'to give you a toast, which I feel confident will meet with a hearty response in the breast of every individual present. I give you as a sentiment, my very distinguished friend the Honorable Mr *So and so*, whose efforts in behalf of the people, and the cause of popular rights and popular institutions, deserve the gratitude of his constituents and the applause of every true friend of his country.' This sentiment is received with acclamation by the guests and the 'distinguished' Mr *So and so* rises to respond with his face suffused with ingenuous blushes. 'I rise,' says the 'distinguished,' Mr *So and so*, 'to express my deep sense of the honor conferred on me by my distinguished friend, who has just taken his seat, in the sentiment he has so kindly uttered, the remembrance of which I shall retain to the latest hour of my life. It has been my good fortune to have been often associated with my 'distinguished' friend in common labors for public good, and he is disposed to appreciate too highly, my humble efforts—well intended, I am sure, but not deserving one tithe of the commendation which my 'distinguished' friend has conferred upon them. The most worthy and modest men are but too anxious to hide their own merits from public observation, and their generosity leads them to award to others praises to which, in the opinion of the world, or at least all correct judges, they are far better entitled themselves. I am, it is true, the friend of the people. The Government, Mr President, under which we live, is pre-eminently a popular one. The people are the source of all power in this country, and I thank God that they are so. 'I bow,' in the words of Patrick Henry—'I bow to the majesty of the people,' and I have endeavored and always shall endeavor to maintain the people's rights—their equal rights according to the best of my ability. You, all, fellow citizens, stand upon the same footing in this country. Politically speaking at least, no one man is better than any other. The honors and office of the commonwealth are open to every citizen.

'We have the rare distinction of living in a land where talent and merit alone, and a distinguished love of country, elevate individuals to station and power. Our countrymen are enlightened to a degree uncommon in the annals of mankind. The qualifications of candidates for office are discussed fully and without reserve by a free and independent press. Who can complain that he lives in such a country, and among such a people—a country blessed with the richest gifts of Providence—a people intelligent, prosperons and free? Had my 'distinguished' friend conferred upon me the praise alone of patriotism, I would have plead guilty to a charge which, under such circumstances, involves the highest compliment that can be offered to any individual. I do love my country, as a man should love such a country, and I hope I have not hitherto shown myself ungrateful for the honors it has conferred upon me.'

The 'distinguished' Mr *So and so* sat down amidst the most deafening and flattering demonstrations of applause. 'A fine orator—a very fine orator,' said my next door neighbor to me. 'Yes, and a great friend to the people. Do you know that he is our candidate for Congress next term?' 'Is he? Well, he shall have my vote—a very 'distinguished' person indeed, and as you remark, a great friend to the people.'

THE LATE DR. COOPER.

Dr. Cooper's name has been before the public attracting a good deal of attention, for sixty years, during which time there is scarcely any department of intellectual exertion with which it has not been connected.

For the extent and multifariousness of his knowledge he was indeed a very extraordinary man. He published works on law, medicine, medical jurisprudence, political economy, and was an habitual writer upon current politics. He translated Justinian and Broussais. He received an honorary diploma of doctor of medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, and was a judge of the Court of Common Law of that State. He was at one time professor of chemistry in the college of Carlisle—was offered the same chair in the University of Virginia by his friend Mr. Jefferson, and subsequently filled it in the college of South Carolina. Of the last he became president, upon the death of Dr. Maxcy, and by order of the trustees lectured on chemistry, geology, and political economy. To these encyclopedia acquirements and occupations he added a large acquaintance with elegant literature.

At the age of eighteen he came from the University of Oxford, with its scholarship and its censures. He at once associated himself (with the natural ardor of his temper and of his time of life) with that party in England which hailed with rapturous enthusiasm the commencement of the French Revolution. How few of his associates have, like him, lived to see, after the gloomy eclipse of their hopes for so many years by the turbulent and bloody events of that struggle, their final realization in the regeneration of Europe! His hopefulness had never failed. From 18 to 80 the love of liberty never forsook him—nor a cheerful confidence in its triumph—nor a willing labor in its service. Associating himself with the most excited of the Anglo-Gallican party, he signalizd at once his zeal and courage in the earliest effort of his pen. He entered the lists with Mr. Burke, whose prophetic spirit had penetrated into all the horrors of the storm, but could not see through its darkness the results for which a benign Providence permitted a season of desolation. The same courage which impelled Dr. Cooper into the controversy with Mr. Burke, prompted him to the more hazardous adventners of denouncing Robespierre from the tribunal of the Jacobins, whither he had been sent as a delegate from a Manchester association. The versatility of his talents was conspicuous at this early period. Within a very short space of time he was a political missionary—a member of a committee of chemists to report upon the intensity of certain dyestuffs—and stood with Mr. Erskine at the assizes as junior counsel for Mr. Walker and other gentlemen of Manchester charged with treason. When the eloquence of Burke, the power of Pitt, and the unspeakable atrocities of the French Revolution, had crushed the Gallican party in England, young Cooper, in 1793, followed Dr. Priestley to this country, whither the advocates of liberty had turned their aching sight from the blasted prospects of Europe. Here too, he combined the pursuits of science and literature with an active participation in political affairs. He was associated with Dr. Priestly in his philosophical investigations, and upon his death published an elaborate biography of him in two volumes.

In the contest between the Federal and Republican parties, he of course took sides with the latter, and signalized his adherence to it by the free exercise of his ready pen. For a spirited animadversion upon the principles and tendency of the administration of the elder Adams, he incurred the penalties of the sedition law by fine and imprisonment. The pecuniary mulct has not been restored to him by the tardy justice of Congress.

In the controversy of South Carolina with the General Government, he vindicated the policy of the State with signal zeal and ability, and contributed, with 'Brutus and the rest,' to arouse and inform public opinion. Amidst the high names which illustrated that bold and patriotic movement, his was conspicuous. His facility of composition, his readiness to work, his abundant knowledge, and the point and terseness of his style, gave him great influence on the public opinion, and properly entitle him to be classed among the leaders in that enterprise.

Nor did his active participation in those stirring events abstract him from the pursuits of science or philosophy, or interrupt the most exemplary attention to his peculiar duties as President and Professor. No one ever performed those duties with more exact punctuality. His presence in the lecture-room was as regular as the arrival of the hour; and, when there, those who heard him could scarcely have believed that he had ever occupied his mind but with the business appropriate to that scene. He showed great mastery of his subject, a perfect acquaintance with every addition made to it from any quarter of the globe, and brought illustrations from the whole circle of science and the whole field of literature. His lectures were not only instructive, but beautiful, and delivered with a perspicacity and simplicity that at once adapted them to the comprehension of learners, and recommended them to the taste of the learned.

That his abundance of knowledge and uncommon aptitude to communicate it, joined to great industry and activity, failed to confer upon the college that degree of prosperity which might have been expected from such a combination of qualities in the President, perhaps arose from his avowal of peculiar opinions on

theological subjects—opinions which, it appears to us, he would have been wiser not to have entertained, and more prudent not to have avowed.

Upon his resignation of the Presidency of the College, the Legislature confided to him, with a liberal salary, the collection and digesting of the Statutes of the State, in the performance of which duty he died, having completed four volumes.

The predominant qualities of Dr. Cooper's intellectual character were intrepidity and activity. His mind coursed the whole field of learning with untiring rapidity. It incessantly sought for knowledge, not with any apparent drudgery or toil, but, up to the last moments of his life, with that useful and fresh alacrity which belongs to the pursuit of pleasure. He did not hesitate to follow his reasoning wherever it led, and what he thought he said. Authority had but little weight with him. He always endeavored to apply the touchstone of reason to every proposition, and to judge of it by that test alone.

His multifarious studies, and his uncommonly wide observation of society, had enriched his memory with vast stores of useful and agreeable topics; and these, combined with a cheerful temper, a social spirit, and a most pleasant style of conversation, rendered him a most delightful companion. He was an admirable talker—terse, epigrammatic, gay, and instructive. He was rarely in a company in which he did not say the best thing that was uttered. His conversation was illustrated by well-turned anecdote, ornamented by sparkling classical allusions, and enriched by sensible and judicious remarks. His temper was most agreeable, and his whole *maniere d'etre* distinguished by a pervading *bonhomme* and kindliness of nature. He was benevolent, friendly, and impulsive; prompt to do a good turn—'to spread friendships and to cover hearts.' He was fond of children, addicted to pets, and kind to servants. Throughout his whole behavior there was a winning simplicity and directness, always agreeable, but, in one of his age, learning, and abilities, peculiarly captivating. He resided amongst us for the last twenty years, and we doubt whether he has ever been known to manifest a feeling of personal unkindness towards any individual.—[*Columbia Telescope.*]

[From the Baltimore Chronicle.]

THE POET COWPER.

To the Editors of the Chronicle.

An editorial in your paper of Monday morning, under the title '*awnings*,' contains the following part of a sentence—'the wish of the misanthropic poet:'

'Oh! for a boundless contiguity of shade.'

The phrase '*misanthropic poet*' is the part of the extract on which I offer a few remarks.

Cowper, the 'misanthropic poet' to whom allusion is made, is justly a favorite with the literary and religious public—and they will not consent to have misanthropy considered as a part of the character of the immortal author of the *Task*. Had such been his character, the world would never have possessed those works which will live as long as the *English* language shall be known.

I do not say a misanthrope cannot possess high intellectual endowments,—but his efforts will be those of intellect, without the moral emotions which address themselves to the sympathies of the great family of man. *Diogenes* in his tub, might have given to the world a great work on abstract science; but he could never have lamented, in the delightful strains of Cowper, over the misery and oppression under which man is made to mourn; or have expatiated with him, on the beautiful sky, and the green landscape, and the wide ocean; and while he looked through nature up to nature's *God*, have had his heart filled with love for every thing that lives, and moves, and has a being.

That such was the character of Cowper, is abundantly manifest from his poems, his correspondence and his friendships. Some years have passed since I was conversant with his works—yet such is the general impression left on my mind from my former acquaintance with them, that I do not know an author, in the whole range of English literature, to whom I would not as soon have ascribed misanthropy as to Cowper. And as a proof of the correctness of this opinion, I will quote a few lines, which are connected with the quotation in your article. They are the first lines of the second book of the Task.

'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumours of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! my ear is pained,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.'

It would be useless to comment on this quotation. It is as remote from misanthropy as pole from pole. It is the very quintessence of benevolence. And scarcely a page of his works can be read which is not replete with manifestations of the same god-like virtue.

Look at his Christian character. Was it not most beautiful? Too often dimmed, I admit, by interposing clouds—but afterwards shining with more lustre on account of the temporary obscuration. The character of the sun is not altered, because for a day or a week he is covered from our view. The devotional poetry of Cowper is the admiration of Christians of all denominations. And is it possible that he, whose heart was filled with such love for the great Creator, should have been a misanthrope—a hater of his fellow? Religion and misanthropy are perfect incompatibles. Show me a man, says *Lactantius*, in whose heart the fury of the tiger is found, and by a few words of this book of God I will make him gentle as the lamb. Such is the invariable effect of Christianity in all ages, and on all men who feel its power.

Look at his friendships. No man had ever more attached friends. They cherished him most kindly through life: and he remained an inmate of the Unwin family for more than thirty years: until parted by death. Does that look like misanthropy? The great defect in the character of Cowper was melancholy—not misanthropy. I will not stop to inquire, medically, into the cause of that melancholy. It has been a subject for much discussion, with the biographers of this great poet. Medical men understand how intimately the health of the mind is connected with that of the body:—how a slight defect in physical organization may entail acute and protracted mental disease. The six last years of Cowper's life were passed in pitiable suffering. The sun of this great Christian poet descended in darkness. But the light is not extinguished. The glorious orb of day may be obscured by clouds, as he plunges in the western waters—but he will arise and shine on other lands in other realms.

I could not refrain from this defence of Cowper, against the charge of misanthropy. Some of his poetry is associated with periods of my life, the memory of which time can never efface: periods of tranquil and retired enjoyment. His poems will be the delight of the Christian scholar, for ages yet to come. You may examine his works—and will not find

'——one immoral, one corrupted thought;
'One line which, dying, he would wish to blot.'

S. C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HOME.

Among the many blessings which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon man, that of *Home* is not the most inconsiderable,—But it is one which in this age of ceaseless bustle and excitement is too often apt to be overlooked—one which, from its very familiarity, like most of the other gifts of Heaven, seems rather to harden than hallow the heart. Men too little like to live out and away from the gazing crowd—They prefer rather the hosannas of the multitude; and to regard the ways of Fashion as the only ways of pleasantness and peace.—Yet to a calm observer it must be evident that the greater part if not the only happiness of the world is to be found in the enjoyment of Home. Certain it is that if that fountain is not there, its purifying streams cannot elsewhere be found. What indeed is it but the influence of Home—the Christian home—that keeps so steadily in motion the complicated machinery of Society, making its wheels move on with such constancy and order? What but these has sent forth such glorious advocates in the cause of Freedom and Humanity!—that has sent forth, in all ages of the world, so far away from their hallowed homes, to most distant climes, such self denying followers of the Prince of Peace? These it is that have furnished the world with its Oberlins, its Howards and its Washingtons. Home may well be styled the moving magnet of the soul. With its mighty power it draws out all the tenderest sympathies, the noblest impulses; and the fondest hopes of man—There he first learns to love—There he first learns to pray. There is the cradle of his affections—the nursery of his piety. And when in maturer years he goes forth thence into conflict in the world, he feels his own right arm nerved and his might redoubled for the battle. He feels that it is in the cause of God, and under the all seeing eye of Heaven, that he is contending—and is he assailed by the jeers and persecution of his fellowmen—do the waves of sore affliction beat around his path—the thought of his Christian Home, like a still small voice comes ever up to whisper peace. There is his inviolable Sanctuary.—And though abandoned, it may be, by the selfish sons of the world, there, blessed be God, he knows he shall ever be received with open arms.

Again how beautiful how comforting, and ennobling is the thought of Home, when it comes to the heart far removed from its hallowed scenes, and to which perhaps it has bid adieu forever, when abroad upon the lovely ocean, or the distant shore—What magic is there then even in its very name! What endearing associations do then cluster around us!—What gladsome faces, and what lovely forms come at that happy bid!—They seem to gather themselves around like so many ministering Spirits, to scatter their sanctifying influences, and sooth and tranquilize the care worn, sorrow stricken soul. A *Mother's* voice! Who, among the lonely wanderers of earth, that has never given ear to this, when all other voices have long been hushed in silence, when it seemed to come wafted upon every whispering breeze, and, like a voice from the Dead, to speak in tones of celestial tenderness! Who has not felt its presence as of some Guardian Angel, around the bed of languishing, smoothing the pillow with its sympathies and prayers!

Again, are there not some to whom their Home has been in truth a City of Refuge—where, after they had long strayed from their Father's house, and wasted their substance in riotous living, and become heart-sick of the world's deluding vanities—they felt, that as penitent individuals, they could return again and be welcomed in the embrace of those who dream not even of its impurities, in the arms of a sister's innocence, or a mother's love—There if anywhere upon earth, *must* the heart be melted into a godly penitence; for not only does that home admit the penitent into the presence of the nearest and dearest and purest of friends, but around that hallowed shrine perchance there lingers the memory of dear and lovely ones who have departed thence to a purer world, and now are hovering around as if reluctant to quit their dearest spot on earth, and desirous still to continue their holy ministrations!

If then Home is thus important in its influence if it is thus as it were carved and engraved into the very heart of man, what a new and ceaseless cause of gratitude has he to the great Giver of all good! what a high and responsible trust devolves upon him as the inmate of some blessed home! Our homes, be the solemn truth impressed upon all, may be the abodes of fallen spirits; or they may become the rich paradise of Heaven—There may be sown the seeds of Life, or of Death—Thence may issue streams either to gladden or pollute the church and City of God.—Oh what then should be their character? They should be the types and pledges of our homes in Heaven—homes of eternal purity and love—They should be sanctified by prayer. There should the sons and daughters of God gather to bear up his holy ark above the temptations and impurities of the world.—Within that Temple of his presence let them daily gather to present their sacrifices of penitence and praise—The various members of a household should ever live, regarding one another as companions of the life to come—They should take each other by the hand, and do all that in them lies to speed them on their journey there, emulating them in every good word and work, and thus forever strengthening the great Chain of Love that binds Heaven and Earth together.—Above all, let the spirit of the blessed Jesus reign in every heart. Let each household be one which he is the great Shepherd—and upon which the dews of Heaven fall ever fresh that then when the silver cord of life is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, God's holy angels shall welcome us each and all to a purer, brighter, even an eternal home in Heaven!

C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Some remarks were made in a previous number of the Register on the causes of the deep interest which is felt in the cross. Besides the direct interest which the cross excited in the minds of men, there are other influences flowing out from it which are well worth observing.

One of the great lessons which the cross teaches us is the utter inability of physical suffering, however intense, to triumph over the soul. Jesus was called to pass a life of great toil and to die a death of the most intense pain, and yet from the very cross itself his voice is heard, in the tones of love and calmness, which show that the spirit triumphed over the body. The prayer for the forgiveness of his enemies, the consoling assurance of happiness to the malefactor the tender words to his mother, show us that all the agonies of the cross could not fasten the attention of Jesus upon *himself*.

The cross shows us too the purifying and elevating effect of suffering, for never does Jesus seem so exalted as in his dying moments. In the early part of his ministry, he came from the temptation with more than human greatness, and in his holy triumph begins that course of benevolence which gladdened so many hearts. When he goes towards Jerusalem on his last journey, his purpose of self-sacrifice throws an awful sublimity around him, but on the cross in the midst of his agony he seems to have reached the highest point in his heavenly career. Then his spirit, having asserted its entire supremacy over the body, reposed in quiet triumph ready for its flight above.

The true effect of suffering is to purify the mind. The sorrows and afflictions of life all are calculated to elevate and ennoble the soul. But the sufferings of Jesus have a power which was not confined to his own soul. We go to the cross and witness his dreadful sufferings till our deepest sympathy is moved, and by the power of this sympathy we seem to partake of his suffering, and sharing the suffering, we share its purifying influence also. We feel that Jesus' soul needed not all that trial, and we can therefore take to our own souls the purification which is needed by them.

The cross of Christ assists us also in solving the great problem of suffering. 'Why is suffering permitted by a merciful Father?' If this question is ever pertinent, it certainly is when asked concerning Jesus. Could an infinitely kind Being permit the pure Jesus to undergo pain and suffering? Let us go to Jesus himself for an answer. Did he ever in the midst of his sufferings doubt the compassion and love of his Father? He saw always in all his trials the hand of love, and if he, *the sufferer*, saw only Divine love, shall others deny that love? It is an interesting fact that those persons, who are the most pure, are least disposed to murmur at the dispensations of Providence. The nearer they approach in character the Being of infinite purity and love, the more easily can they perceive his love in all things, while the worldly, the selfish, and the sensual are ever inclined to look upon the Deity as a hard master.

I have known one of the noblest of earth's beings called in early life to endure the pains of severe sickness, and she remained cheerful and happy with an ever-increasing trust in her Heavenly Father. In her severest sufferings she could only see the hand of a *Father*.

How unlike her are many who, engrossed in selfishness and sin, live on without regard for the Deity, and who never think of him till reminded of Him by trial, and then only to regard Him as a cruel master. If it is true that the gentlest and kindest beings are the most ready to see a Father's love even in trials, while those most destitute of love see only cruelty, we have reason to hope that though there may be mystery hanging over the ways of Divine Providence, hereafter the clouds will gradually be withdrawn from purified eyes, till at last we may see the Divinest love shining out from the saddest sufferings.

H. H. J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Every one admits, that some religious faith is essential to the Christian character; and that it is highly important to the spiritual life, to learn and embrace the great truths of the gospel. But knowledge and faith are not all which is required to form a godly and virtuous character; though necessary as a foundation for it. It is the spirit of the gospel, and of Jesus, its inspired teacher, which is most important—indispensable.

This perhaps, is often overlooked: and therefore we find in many professing Christians but little of the power of the gospel. Many rest in the observance of forms and ceremonies; many are satisfied with a mere historical faith; or an assent of the understanding to the truth of the Christian revelation. I would not intimate that this rational faith is vain or unimportant. I would not dissuade from an observance of rites and forms, because they are not the whole of religion, nor the most material part of it. They are means of religion and piety. The author of our being has imposed them by his servants and prophets. Jesus, our master, simple and spiritual and unimposing as his religion is, has told us not to neglect or disregard these, while we seek for real piety and moral goodness and spirituality of mind, as the great *end* of all means and ceremonies.

It is this *end*, then, that I would admonish my fellow believers to keep constantly in view. I would urge them to regard and seek for the *substance*, and not be satisfied with the shadow, and the lifeless form. This even the ancient Jewish prophets asserted and urged. This did Christ and his Apostles insist on with still greater emphasis. The letter is weak and often vain; but the spirit is life. And if the law of the spirit of life, which is by the Gospel of Jesus, reign in us and over us, then shall we be free from the power of sin and lust.

Let us listen to the language of Jesus—'If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine. I know that his commandment is life everlasting—spiritual life—He who sent me is with me; the Father hath not left me alone—for I always do those things which please him—He who hath my commands and keepeth them, he it is who loveth me, and he who loveth me shall be loved of my father; and I will love him, and manifest myself to him—If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.'

Here we see what is true religion—what it is to be a Christian. It consists not so much in faith and knowledge, or in the observance of forms, and rites, as in an obedient spirit and will; in a hearty desire to please God, to obey the commands of Christ, to conform our affections and dispositions to the divine will: to be like our Master, in temper, spirit, desires and conduct. We shall fail of the end and design of the gospel, if destitute of these attributes, and these traits of character.

It may be well, sometimes to recollect the foundation and evidences of our faith—to study the word and works of God, to gain further knowledge of the ways of providence and of the divine purposes. But the chief object with the good man will be to advance in a holy temper of mind, in the new and divine life revealed in the gospel, and which it is intended to accomplish in us. Leaving therefore, or dwelling less on the *rudiments* of Christianity, we should go on to perfection; not laying again the foundation in repentance from vain works, or in mere faith, or in the doctrine of baptism—These are for new converts, or for babes in Christ. For God has given us a spirit of peace, of love, and of a sound mind.

B.

THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.

[From Tholuck's Sermons.]

We have only spoken of the thunder and the lightning, which might have come forth from the Messiah's preaching; but he also had the same power over the thunder and the lightning in his miraculous interpositions. He who can lay his hand on the blind, and they see, can also nod, and those who see shall be made blind. He who can say to the leper, 'be clean,' can cover the clean with a leprosy. He who can say to the dead, 'stand up,' can place the living in the slumber of death by his bare will. The storm which is stilled in obedience to his nod, must also obey him when he calls it up from the abyss, to destroy his adversaries. You owe it to this aspect of the works and conduct of Christ, that when his miraculous power is spoken of, you think merely of a miraculous power which blesses. There is, however, a miraculous power of which the Scripture speaks, which instead of blessing, punishes. It is in the Old Testament that we discover, pre-eminently, a manifestation of this power. There is an instance of it in the speech of Moses against Korah's company. 'When he had uttered these words,' it is said, 'the earth beneath them was rent asunder, and it opened its mouth and swallowed them up; and they went down alive into the pit, they and every thing which they possessed; and the earth covered them up.' In the same way also does Peter, in the New Testament, say to Ananias,—'Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God; and when Ananias heard these words, he fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came upon all who heard this.' Lo, in this manner might our Savior have gone through the world, with his hand uplifted, conjuring the storm from the abyss or the thunder from heaven against every transgressor, an avenger of every crime. Yet the Son of man it is said, did not come to judge the world, but to save it. The Lord is not in the storm and tempest, but in the soft gentle sound. All his miracles, his miracles of deliverance and of kindness, are designed to teach us the spiritual significancy of his appearance on the earth. Yea with perfect faithfulness does the evangelist, when he describes a healing of the sick by Jesus, apply to him the words of the prophet,—'He bore our sickness.' For was it not an endurance of our sickness; did he not in truth take it and bear it in his feeling heart, when he lived from morning until evening surrounded with the infirm and the miserable, whom he relieved?

As was his entrance into the world, so was his departure from it. The same instruction, that was proclaimed by his advent, and by his life, was also proclaimed by his ascension. How might he have departed? If the Lord of glory whom they had nailed to the cross, but who could not be held by death, had, when risen from the grave and glorified by heaven, gone to the place of his agonies, to the mount of Olives, and there waved his banner of victory before all the world; he had only to give one nod, and the city which had cried out against him,—'Away with Jesus, release unto us Barabbas,' would have sunk into the deep like Sodom and Gomorrah; and the people who had cried,—'His blood come upon us and upon our children,' must have shrieked out,—'Ye mountains cover us, and ye hills fall upon us.' Yet here also the Lord was not in the storm and the tempest, but in the soft sound. Early in the morning did he once more assemble his own in Jerusalem; darkness still brooded over the streets of the city; he then walked, in the stillness of the morning twilight, with the eleven to the mountain, which had witnessed his bloody sweat on the night of his sorrows. The earliest rays of the opening day shone through the clouds; and then, says the history, he lifted up his hands, and blessed his chosen ones, and a cloud took him up from the earth. Amid the shades of night he came; in the redness of the morning's dawn he went away. Ever, ever shalt thou stand before our souls, thou glorified Savior, in the same attitude in which thou didst leave the world, with thy hands extended over thy chosen to bless them! Yes, the Lord is not in the tempest, but in the soft, mild sound!

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 29, 1839.

TRACT 141. UNITARIANISM VINDICATED AGAINST THE CHARGE OF SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES. By James Walker.

This tract is written with the author's usual ability. It appears to us conclusive—unanswerable. And it probably never will be answered. Vague conjectures and fearful surmises effect some purposes much better than clear statements and definite ideas. Sun-light is fatal to many august and portentous things. Many objects owe all their impressiveness to being seen through mists. They loom up finely in the shadows of evening. But alas! the sun, as he pours his beams over the eastern hills, discovers them in all their littleness,—nothingness. So certain, general, intangible impressions, and suspicions in regard to a sect or system, are far more effective to prevent a candid examination, to enfeeble and depress its energies and efforts than precise statements would prove. This is the case with all the charges against Unitarianism. They are as loose, vague and indefinite as possible—mere creatures of imagination, denizens of the air. Those, who make and repeat them, appear to have no desire to reduce them to precise forms. They know, the moment this is done, these baseless charges lose their force. Their vagueness is their power. As soon as they are looked upon calmly, their fearfulness departs. It is better to let them remain diffused through infinite space, a voice from beneath the ground, an echo through sleepy hollows—a warning from the clouds, a formless, shadowy, mental bugbear, to frighten away the timid, nervous and superstitious. The author of this tract is a most unsparing foe to all such generalities. He appears to have no respect for them. He destroys them root and branch. The one here discussed can never again breathe, with any honesty, the breath of life, or revisit the glimpses of the moon. Common justice demands it should be read by all, who have helped to spread and give it strength. If it does not convince them, the fault is in themselves, not in the argument. They probably would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead. They must be affected by motives other than those that spring from the love of truth. We have no doubt, however, many have honestly entertained this suspicion in regard to our faith and proceedings. It might have been anticipated. It is natural it should be so. It has ever been the same. Those, who have rejected some of the ideas that prevailed about them and were deemed important, have ever been suspected of sceptical tendencies. The first Christians were accused of infidelity and atheism. It is the charge that has been vehemently urged, by Catholics, against protestantism. We doubt if a single dissenting sect has risen, in the history of the church, that has not remained for a time under this cloud. As soon as a favorite prejudice is cast out from its authoritative seat, the cry of scepticism is raised. Profane hands are on the consecrated ark. The veil of the temple is rent. The awful mysteries are exposed. Sound the alarm. Make a fierce assault on the impious doubters. They are opening the flood gates of infidelity. Every thing holy and divine will soon be washed away. He, who believes or professes to believe five essential points, will suspect him, who believes but four, of sceptical tendencies. And he will do what he can to spread the suspicion. He probably, to some extent, will succeed. It ought not to surprise us. It is the penalty, we must pay, for daring to free our words from antiquated error. We suffer in a glorious company.

Those too who embrace strange, incomprehensible doctrines, will think they have a larger and stronger faith than those, who hold only a few, simple ideas. They measure the strength and greatness of their faith by the number and mystical magnitude and incomprehensibleness of the propositions and objects, to which it relates. He that can eat all things must have a more vigorous stomach than he that lives on simple diet. This notion is utterly false. The simpler, in all intellectual matters, the stronger—the more reasonable, the more profound—the more precise, the more penetrating—the more concentrated, the more powerful. It is the magic energy of simple ideas that moulds and moves and governs the world. It is only those men, who are seized strongly by one or a very few clear conceptions, that effect great things, that are felt through the depths of society and succeeding generations. All great, moral revolutions have been effected by truth in its most naked simplicity. While Christianity, consisted of a few plain facts and clear ideas, it worked mightily. Nothing could resist its progress. Spiritual wickedness trembled in its highest places. The Son of man went forward in power and glory. But no sooner did it become mixed up with false philosophy, vague, lofty speculation than its power departed. Its divinity took flight. Its armor became blunted and pointless. It seemed paralyzed. And so it has remained, with occasional flashes of its original brightness and power, ever since—a fettered and baffled angel in the earth. In proportion as it regains its native simplicity, it regains its energy to bless, sanctify and redeem. It rises in its dignity and might, radiant with the glowing marks of its divine origin. With one foot on the ocean, the other on the land, she pours her rich influences and blessings on all people. One hand she extends in tender, glad fellowship, to her feeble, fainting children below—with the other she rolls back the fearful clouds and shows them serene mansions in the skies. Love, joy and peace flow from her every feature, from all her robes. Wherever she takes up her abode, the flowers of Paradise rebloom, and its bright, gentle streams flow and murmur all around. This is the work we are toiling to do—to restore Christianity to its clearness, plainness and simplicity. We are confident, inasmuch as we make it more intelligible and reasonable, we shall render faith in it more hearty, firm and efficient.

(*To be continued.*)

INSTALLATION.

The installation of Rev. J. P. B. Storer (recently of Walpole) as Pastor of the Congregational Unitarian Society of Syracuse, N. Y., took place on Thursday, June 20. The services on the occasion were introduced with prayer and selections from the Scriptures by Rev. Mr Angier, of Milton; the sermon was preached by Rev. O. Dewey, of New York, from I Cor. ii. 2, 'I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. The prayer of consecration was offered by Rev. A. Bigelow of Taunton; the charge by Rev. Dr Parkman, of Boston; the right hand of fellowship with the address to the people, by Rev. E. B. Hall, of Providence; and the concluding prayer by Rev. Mr Ritchie of Needham.

The council was composed of several clergymen and delegates from distant parts of the country, and from the neighboring church in Trenton, N. Y. A very attentive assembly gave evidence of the deep interest they felt in the services and the occasion.

The following Hymn by the Rev. Mr Pierpont of this city, was sung partly in solo, and partly by the full choir, in a manner very happily corresponding with the beautiful idea and expression of the poet.

Minister, solo.

To thine altar, Holy One,
Who dost now this temple fill,
As a servant of thy Son,
'Lo I come to do thy will.'

People, full choir.

Father, let thy servant's prayer
From thine altar rise to thee!
Make his holy health thy care;
Keep his spirit pure and free.

Minister.

To this people would I give
What of strength and light is mine;
But, Lord, that their souls may live,
Give them light and strength divine.

People.

Ever on our Pastor's head
Let thy holy spirit fall:
Send thy blessing with the bread
That he breaketh for us all.

Minister.

When my hands that bread shall break,
In thy sight may they be clean!
When my lips for thee shall speak,
Let their truth by thee be seen!

People.

And, when truth, from lips sincere,
To our listening ears shall come;
May it meet a welcome here!
Give it in our hearts a home!

Minister.

When my hands no more are spread,
For this people towards thy throne;
Place a worthier in my stead!
Father, leave them not alone!

People.

Father, in that solemn hour,
When its spirit leaves its clay,
Take him, by the Gospel's power,
To his rest in endless day.

We deem it a subject of just congratulation to the friends of Liberal Christianity, that a religious society under so favorable auspices has been gathered at Syracuse. In that fair portion of our land, that flourishing district also of the "Empire State," where towns and villages spring up as by enchantment, and what was but a few years since a wilderness has become already the fruitful field or the populous city;—amidst too a community, enterprising, intelligent, but exposed to the worldliness, and luxury, and "hastening to be rich," which are but the natural fruits of sudden prosperity, it is of peculiar moment, that religion, pure and undefiled, pure in its doctrines and holy in its restraints, should be understood and embraced. Unitarian Christianity, commending itself as it does, to the reason and conscience of men, is especially adapted to meet such spiritual wants, and to make wise to salvation. It has power, also,—and may it there be felt—through its simplicity and spirituality, to rescue from the withering influences of scepticism on the one hand, and of a degrading superstition or intolerance, on the other. We rejoice that its voice is to be heard in Syracuse. We congratulate our friends there on the success, which has thus far attended their good efforts, and on their prospects, which are bright. Our hope is, that the ministry of their Pastor may be long, for experience has shown that it will be faithful. And that in the light of his instructions and life, they may have reason with the Christians of an ancient church, to bless God, that when they received the word from his lips, they received it not as the word of men, but as the word of God, effectually working in them that believe.

For the Register and Observer.

MR HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

Guilford, Wednesday evening. A ride of 38 miles to-day, under a very warm sun, too,—has brought me to this town. I should rather say, house; for there is but one that is inhabited in the place. There are a great many of these nominal towns along both the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. It is situated above high-water mark, (which cannot be said of all these so-called towns) and has a good landing place for steamboats. It has moreover a ferry; and this is about all that can be said of Guilford. I shall cross the Illinois at this ferry, to-morrow morning; and take the directest route for Alton. I have traversed some portions of the valley to-day, of surpassing beauty. At one point in particular, there was a fine stretch of dry prairie immediately on my right, sparkling with bowers of every hue,—with water beyond;—the prairie diversified with a few small groves—a tier of lofty bluffs on my left. Here, I counted upwards of one hundred head of cattle in one herd, making their way out of a point of woods towards the green meadows. The western horizon was bounded by the bluffs beyond the Mississippi, which presented a waving outline, of a height almost mountainous. Along a small part of the way, my road was upon the very bank of the father of waters himself; for the most part, it lay within two or three miles; and I could easily hear the asthmatic breathing of a steamboat that passed me about noon. At Gilead, the 'seat of justice' in this county of Calhoun, I bade adieu to the bank of the Mississippi, ascended the bluff of a truly mountainous elevation, and crossed the ridgy isthmus which separates this river from the Illinois—here, only four miles over. The road runs all the way on the top of a ridge. The isthmus widens as you proceed in a southerly direction, so as to form a peninsula of very considerable breadth, and about twenty miles in length; in the southern part of which I am told there is a good farming district. Having gained the summit of the bluff, I had a fine view of the Mississippi and its meanderings in a southwestern direction, to the distance of several miles.

I have fallen in with but little travelling

company since I left Hillsboro'. Now and then I meet or overtake a party of movers, with their cattle and household stuff, or some person on horseback in pursuit of land.

Alton, Friday morning, May 10. My yesterday's ride afforded rather an unpleasant variety to my hitherto quiet, safe and rather monotonous jogging. Crossing the Illinois about half past eight, I was directed to take an eastern course, and traverse the Illinois bottom through a pathless swamp, which was said to be then so dry as to be passable. I confess I felt some unwillingness to attempt this passage, though it was highly recommended by at last three individuals as a route that would save me several miles; for, the result of my experience in travelling is, that there is commonly more lost than gained, in time if not also in distance, by what are called *short* cuts—at least, where they are not already known to the traveller. However, as I had the whole day before me, and only thirty-five miles to go in order to reach *this*, my intended stopping place, I concluded, for once, to deviate from the plainer track, which, to say the truth, had very little to recommend it. A faint cart-path, upon which I at first departed from the river, soon wholly disappeared; and the morning being cloudy, I had not the guidance of the sun to go by. Having rode perhaps two miles through a thinly wooded swamp, not then however very wet or muddy, and thickly matted with green grass, so high as to oblige me to raise my feet from the stirrups to prevent their being drenched with dew, my way seemed to be hedged in by a thicket of scrub-oaks and under-brush, apparently almost impenetrable to man and horse. I took to the right and went some distance in that direction, till despairing of going round, I selected the least tangled point I could find, and with much difficulty and some danger to my horse, (on account of the snags and deep holes marked by the tall grass) finally succeeded in penetrating it. An open area of many acres now lay before me, which proved to be all a treacherous quag-miro. I soon found it to be covered with water, though then concealed by the flags. My horse sank deeper and deeper at every step, and soon became excessively fatigued by his exertions to go forward. At length, he could only get on at all, by the greatest efforts; as, at every plunge, his fore-feet went into the mud above his knees. Presently, his footing gave way entirely, and he went in all over—or nearly so. I relieved him immediately of my saddle-bags; but with all his struggles he could not get out. I succeeded, however, in getting his head above water—soothed and encouraged him; and endeavored to keep him quiet till he could recover breath and strength. Happy was I to make my escape, after the lapse of an hour, from this stygian pool, with my horse alive;—though his fatigue had quite unfitted him for travelling, and we were both completely drenched, and very handsomely covered with mud and water. If I had had a companion, I should have had a great deal of amusement out of this incident; but being alone, it was rather a poor joke. After getting across the bottom, I wandered up and down and across the bluffs and ridges till noon; when coming to a mill, I found that it was only eight or ten miles in a straight course to the point I had started from in the morning. Here I stopped and refreshed myself and horse, more heartily disgusted than ever with *short* cuts.

My ride in the afternoon lay through a beautiful portion of the country; and I reached the *hospitable* mansion of brother Arnold, in the dark of the evening.

(*To be Continued.*)

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. By Emory Washburn.

It is appropriate, direct and able. The friends of temperance owe the author hearty thanks. It should be read by all, especially by the foes of the law of 1838. Mr Washburn from a deeply sincere and fervid conviction of its wisdom and justice, speaks as becomes a good citizen, a true republican and an honest patriot. But how those, who lay claims to the character of either, can directly, or indirectly, excite opposition to, and throw contempt and scorn on the law, while it remains on the statute book of the commonwealth, an expression of its sovereignty, it is not so easy to understand. It seems clear to us that they are striking at the root of our own freedom, peace and security. Let this spirit prevail and all law, all order is trampled down, spurned. If the statute be unjust, let it be repealed. But till then let it be reverenced, as a portion of God's authority on earth. He who helps to bring legislation into disrepect, in this country, inflicts the greatest possible injury on our dearest interest and highest welfare as a people.

We have made the following extract from the address.

It is not, however, merely in the consciousness that Massachusetts has set her seal of reprobation upon the traffic, that temperance has cause to take courage in its efforts. She stands not alone in this moral revolution. The West, the teeming, the vigorous West, with her free and manly spirit of reform, has uttered her testimony in the cause which will, ere long, find a response in the recorded legislation of the older sections of the Union, till a moral influence will at last be created that must be irresistible.

Individuals, it is true, may sometimes be found who, from a spirit of bravado, will set at defiance laws, both human and divine. But few can do this beyond the excitement of an hour. They cannot stand up like men, even when violating human laws. Presumptions rise against them, and conscience will not keep quiet. The gains that are unsanctioned by law become ill-gotten treasures, and their very enjoyment brings with it a sting.

An illustration of this may be found in those instances of a voluntary abandonment of the traffic in ardent spirit, which are daily coming to our knowledge. And examples like these ought not to be forgotten on an occasion like this. There has not been a more noble or honorable sacrifice made by the most devoted friend of temperance, than many of the former dealers in alcohol have made. They have abandoned a business, once honorable and lucrative, and have sacrificed upon the altar of public good, both property and profit, and have furnished an example that every generous mind must regard with approbation and respect.

It shows that high-minded men if they will but reflect, will not stoop to the open or secret violation of a public law, for the mere gains of an unlawful business.

And so obviously is there a tendency to consequences like this, that it has been gravely urged as an objection to a law prohibiting the sale of ardent spirit, that the business would nevertheless be pursued, and would pass out of respectable hands into the holes and dens, where the low and vile will herd together.

If such would be the effect, the sooner it is driven to these retreats the better. The lower it sinks the more easily is it controlled. The farther it is removed from decent life, the less is the danger of its scattering the seeds of corruption. In the depths of his own Hell Satan was impotent to corrupt the innocent. It was in the honied tone of soft persuasion, in the broad light of day, and amidst the beauties of Paradise itself, that he stole upon the unsuspecting innocence of the parents of our race.

If the poisonous streams of intemperance must flow, let it be wide from the marts of business, the abodes of comfort, and the pathways of the young. Compel every one who is yet pure, before he can reach temptation, to descend from the dignity of self-respect to a companionship with drunkards in their own haunts, and you will arrest his step ere he has passed that bourne from which so few return.

In such a consummation as this, there would be hope too for the wretched and the seemingly lost. There is not a more grateful duty to the true friend of temperance, than the effort to snatch from the power of the destroyer the victims of a degrading vice. To the drunkard even, there sometimes come hours of reflection and remorse, when the heart feels, and reason begins to revive. If temptation could then be removed, if the cup that steals away his senses could be withheld till reason had resumed her control over his appetite and passions, a human being might be snatched from a drunkard's grave, and a human soul be saved from a drunkard's doom.

I cannot forbear in this connexion, alluding again to the determined oppposition which has been threatened to the existing law in restraint of the sale of ardent spirit, both by individuals and by combinations of men. That there should be men weak, not to say wicked enough, to enter into such conbinations, is not strange. But that legislators or jurors, or any class of men who value their character and influence in society, and who are capable of forming a judgment for themselves upon this, as well as other subjects, should be found willing to lend their influence in favor of a systematic disregard of this or any other law, constitutionally enacted, is indeed most strange. Can such men ever reflect upon the inevitable tendency of such principles? Can they be willing to disregard or disobey a law because, to their view, the enactment of it was inexpedient? Suppose this principle were carried out, where should we stop? Grant, for a moment, that a large number in the community regard this law unwise or improper, can that be a good ground for putting it at defiance! And how much better is the argument in the mouths of such men, that because a law will be violated, it ought never to have been adopted? If the law regulating the sale of spirituous liquors is to be violated at all, it is by the very men who in their spirit of prophecy have foretold the violation. And these, too, are among the loudest advocates for 'moral suasion.' They could listen to such 'suasion,' with a seeming conviction that 'temperance was a very good thing,' and yet are shocked beyond measure if the same declaration is made by the people at large; and are as ready to violate a law which enforces this principle, as they have ever been to resist the power of this so much lauded 'moral suasion.'

If it is right to reject this law because it is opposed to the opinions of a class in the community, why may not every law in our statute book be alike disregarded? There are those for instance, who affect to consider the laws of marriage and the laws of property as creating unequal and unjust monopolies. And suppose these men should combine to resist these laws and should call to their aid the passions and jealousies of the low, and vile, and wicked, how long would government or law be maintained? How long would even life itself be safe or worth possessing? It is said that there are men of character and wealth in the community who are willing to lend their influence in resisting the License law of 1838. They may not need the protection of that law for their own security, but there are tens of thousands who without it are without protection from the ruffian passions of drunken madmen. And do such men while reposing securely upon their couches of ease, ever think of the consequences of weakening the hold which the law has for its support, upon the confidence of the people?

If I could imagine that any such were present here, I would ask them in the spirit of earnest inquiry, where is your safety if this barrier is broken down? You know that while you are surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth can command, there are hundreds and thousands in the land who are compelled to toil for their daily bread. And where, independent of the laws of society, do you find the right to insist upon this inequality of condition in life? Suppose some selfish, idle miscreant, should artfully appeal to the envious passions, or the wants, and feelings of injustice that are so easily roused in the minds of some men against the more favored classes in the community, with what argument beyond the law and the preservation of society, could you meet the demand that your garnered wealth should be shared with them as the common heritage of man? And how could you demand of them that they should respect the law that protects your property, while you yourselves were in open violation of laws as constitutionally enacted and as solemnly sanctioned, as the very laws to which you appeal? I pray you to look into the tenure by which you hold the fruits of your own industry, and see if your guaranty is not too precarious to be madly put at hazard.

AN EXAMINATION OF PHRENOLOGY, in two lectures, By Thomas Sewall, M. D. Second edition—revised and enlarged. Published by D. S. King.

As to the subject here discussed we have opinions pretty well fixed. But our investigation of it has been so imperfect, that they are of little if any importance. In regard to this treatise we are very incompetent to determine whether its details are all correct—or whether the author has committed some mistakes, as he is vehemently accused of having done. Instead of any remarks of our own we will give the views of a man, who is usually listened to with the attention due to long experience, superior gifts and vast acquirments.

WASHINGTON, 5. *April*, 1839.

Dr. THOMAS SEWALL, *Washington.*

Dear Sir:—I have read with great satisfaction your two Lectures upon the Science of Phrenology, which I have never been able to prevail upon myself to think of as a *serious* speculation. I have classed it with alchymy, with judicial astrology, with *augury*,—and, as Cicero says, that he wonders how two Roman augurs could ever look each other in the face without laughing, I have felt something of the same surprise, that two learned phrenologists can meet without the like temptation.

But as it has been said of Bishop Berkley's anti-material system, that he has demonstrated beyond all possibility of refutation, what no man in his senses can believe, so without your assistance, I should never have been able to encounter the system of thirty-three or thirty-five faculties of the immortal soul, all clustered on blind side of the head. I thank you for furnishing me with argument to meet the doctors, who pack up the five senses in the thirty-five parcels of the brain. I am glad that your lectures have been so successful, and hope they will be yet more so in recalling the sober sense of the *material* philosophers of our age, to the dignity of an *imperishable* mind.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully, your friend, J. Q. ADAMS.

OBITUARY.

(From the Taunton Whig.)

In Rochester, N.Y. Mrs Abby F. Morse, daughter of the late Samuel Barnes of Watertown, Mass.

'Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their deaths not divided.'—*Holy Writ.*

A young and cherished bride, she went her future Home to seek,
While glowed the living tints of health upon her kindling cheek.
The fount of love was in her heart, and in her eye its light;
Nor dark disease around her path, had cast its withering blight.

The future to her vision seems one fair, and golden dream,
And Hope, the Priestess at Life's shrine, had shed her radiant beam,
Breathed from the lip of changeless truth, the precious vow was given,
Which bound in one, these mingling hearts, which death's cold touch has riven.

Now side by side, with one most dear her quiet ashes sleeps,
While angel spirits round their rest, their gentle vigils Keep.
'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death divided not,
Each rests upon her lowly couch, silent, but nor forgot.

Thou earlier called to bliss and Heaven, most gentle and most blessed,
Thy memory in unfading lines, is on my heart impressed.
E'en now, when on thy love I muse, I shed the frequent tear,
Though years have passed, since last I saw thy living image here.

My heart is sometimes weary, and I fain would flee away
In sweet communion with thy soul to share Heaven's 'perfect day.'
Yet would I wait my appointed time, until my change shall come,
And thou my angel guide mayst be, to lead my spirit home.

Rest ye! sweet sister! earth has not *one* joy to equal Heaven.
The seal of Christian fellowship to each young heart was given.
The kindred souls in life so dear, could not long parted be;
They soared to swell in courts above, the anthem of the Free.

Taunton. Y. L. E.

INTELLIGENCE.

Practical Benevolence.—We have not, for a long time, read anything which has afforded us so much pleasure and real gratification as the following paragraph from the last number of the Sailor's Magazine. We rejoice that the time has come when a man can be found who does not believe that 'any thing is good enough for poor Jack,' and has the will and the ability to prove that he does not think so.—*Transcript.*

'The forecastle of the new ship Catherine of New York, Captain Besher, master, one of the Charleston line of packets, presents a model well worthy the attention of all. This ship is of 476 tons burthen, and is said to have cost $40,000. The forecastle is 12 by 18, in the clear; having a good table in the centre; plenty of closet room, room for chests of the men under the lower berths; is well lighted and all furnished in good style, and painted. Here then is a good room, where the sailors may sit and enjoy themselves during their watch below, where they may read with comfort, or hold a prayer meeting, away from the din of business. When attention can thus be paid in all our ships to the comfort and accommodation of the seamen, then we may hope for success in our attempts to instruct and reform them.'

Portland and Champlain Railroad.—We understand that the engineers of Maine are now on the route of a contemplated railroad from Portland to Lake Champlain, through New Hampshire, north of Haverhill. Several petitions, we have noticed, have been presented to the Legislature of this State, for the incorporation of the road in New Hampshire, and from the statements of those who have investigated the subject, we are satisfied that it is not only practicable but there is a strong probability of success. The Legislature of Maine, it will be recollected, at its late session appropriated the sum of four thousand dollars for defraying the expenses of the survey; the city of Portland added one thousand, the residue is made up by private contributions.

The fact may not perhaps be generally understood, that Portland is the nearest seaport to the northern sections of New Hampshire and Vermont and that the trade from those sections has for a long time been with Portland, to which place there is a good winter road. Most of the heavy and bulky articles consumed in that extensive region, have been supplied by Portland—West India goods especially, to the amount almost of the entire consumption. This fact, together with the knowledge that the Concord Railroad would have a tendency to divert this trade from Portland and carry the same to Boston, is unquestionably the great inducement to the present enterprise.

It should be known to the merchants of Boston, that a very large proportion of the trade and travel north of Concord, in New Hampshire and Vermont, is carried either east to Portland, or west to the conveyances connecting with North Boston, if the facilities were equal, for transportation. It should also be known that a road in contemplation through the valley of the Connecticut, must have the effect to divert full half of the trade which now goes to Boston to New York, and the Portland and Champlain road will still turn another very large portion of the trade from Boston. We are of the opinion that the Concord Railroad, and the extension, is of far greater importance to the trade at Boston, than the great western road which has cost five times as much. In fact, the reports of the Worcester Railroad Company, show that the travel from Concord to Boston, by the present conveyances, exceeds by one half at least the travel on that road, and the transportation exceeds ten times the amout of that over the Worcester road.

The friends of the Concord enterprise out of the State have appeared disposed to delay its completion, from an apprehension that its advantages could be controlled after other routes, where they feared the effects of competition, should have been secured; but we apprehend this is altogether a mistaken notion—that more is lost by delay than can possibly be gained by giving other routes a preference in point of time.—*N. H. Statesman.*

There are not to be found, in the Commonwealth, more striking illustrations of the beneficial effect of the exclusion of ardent spirits from a town, than are afforded by our neighbors of Beverly and Danvers. In Beverly we believe it is literally true that ardent spirits cannot be bought, in any quantity, in any part of the town. There are a few miserable individuals still left, belonging to the old school of drunkards, who replenish their jugs in Salem, and are thus enabled to bring wretchedness and wo upon all connected with them. But what is called 'temperate drinking,' and the manufacture of new drunkards, has entirely ceased there; and the consequence is a wonderful change and improvement in the whole condition of the town. Wherever the eye rests, it encounters evidence of universal thrift, prosperity, and good taste. The beautiful contrast of brilliant white paint and green foliage almost universally prevails, and indication of steadily advancing wealth are apparent on every side.

All that is here spoken of Beverly may be said with entire truth of the greater part if not the whole of Danvers. Our readers know that Danvers is broken up into several villages. These present all the appearances of thrift and growing wealth, existing in Beverly, in perhaps a still more striking degree. At the Plains, for instance, we have been repeatedly informed, that a drunkard, or vagabond, or 'loafer,' or pauper, is literally unknown in the place. Temperance is universal, industry and thrift are the handmaids of temperance, and success is a never failing attendant. It is a perfect hive, in the atmosphere of which no drone can live.—*Salem Gaz.*

Wheat and Corn at the West.—It is stated in the Cincinnati Republican that there is a large quantity of wheat unsold, in the granaries of the Ohio farmers, and the growing crop promises a more abundant yield than has rewarded the husbandman for many years. The same paper says that corn is plenty on the Illinois and Wabash rivers, at from 20 to 25 cents per bushel, and pays good freight to boats purchasing and making return cargoes to Cincinnati. Thousands of sacks are also shipped from below for Pittsburg, and other destinations on the Pennsylvania Canal, these markets being at present more certain than New Orleans.

The number of distilleries in the State of New York has decreased from 1129 to 200, in consequence of the progress of Temperance. The inspection of first proof domestic spirits in the city of New York has decreased from thirty-two millions of gallons in 1837, to eighteen millions in 1838. The importations of distilled liquors have decreased 25 per cent.

From Mexico.—The defeat of Mexico and Urrea, and cold blooded execution of the former, has apparently produced a reaction favorable to the federal cause. Numerous arrivals at New Orleans, bringing dates from Vera Cruz to May 29, and from Tampico to the 25th, and Matamoras to June 2d, states that

'There is but feeble hope that the hero of Vera Cruz will be able to hold out very long. Already the States of Guanaxuato, Janalisco and San Luis de Petosi, have successfully resisted his mandates; and at the latest dates, were making vigorous efforts to reorganize an army, that seemed to indicate the necessity for the immediate recall of all the forces under Bustamente and Arista, to prevent the total annihilation of Centralism in the interior.'

Col. Bee, the Texan minister, has not been recognized, and was, according to a letter dated May 29, Sacrificios, to leave that day for Havana in the Steam frigate Phœton.

The first instalment of the indemnification to the French has been paid by the Mexicans.

The accounts from the interior of Mexico are of anarchy and confusion except at the capital, where all was quiet.

Important from Martinique.—We have received from the French Consul, and published the annexed official document respecting the trade of Martinique. [American.]

The Consul General of France, in the United States, has received notice from his Excellency, Rear Admiral ——, Governor of Martinique, and commander of the French naval force in the Antilles, that the *entrepot*, (free port,) provisionally established at St. Pierre's has been definitely authorized by Royal Ordinance since 10th April last.

His Excellency, the Governor, announces equally, that he has authorized the exportation of sugars to foreign countries.

These two acts of the Administration are of the greatest importance, not only to Martinique, but to the United States. The closest intercourse will be established between the two countries, and numerous advantages will immediately be undertaken—the N. York shippers, who carry the produce of the United States to Martinique, being sure of finding there an advantageous return freight.

For a year past the Colony of Martinique has experienced the benefits of a wise, prudent and paternal administration. His Excellency, Rear admiral ——, whose services are too well known to need being recalled here, has comprehended the whole importance of his high and difficult station; and by his late measures, calculated to revive the prosperity of the Colony, he abundantly justifies the confidence of his Government, and all the flattering hopes of his administration, which the Colonies had indulged.

From England.—By the arrival at New York of the packet ship Cambridge, which sailed from Liverpool, May 21st, the editors of New York are in possession of Liverpool papers to that date, and London papers to May 20.

The most interesting topic of news by these papers is that which details the proceedings of the Chartists.

The Bristol Chartists, it is said, have threatened to begin the revolution by making a bonfire of the shipping at that port; and that they may not lack courage, the Bristol 'liberals' were to assemble yesterday, under the pretence of addressing the Queen, but in reality, with the view of kindling the flames of discord among the most inflammatory population in her Majesty's dominions.

The ordinance department in the Tower has been particularly busy during the last week in shipping and forwarding military stores to all parts of England and Wales. Bedding and stores of every description, for about 2,000 men, have been forwaded to Bristol in wagons. Two van loads were sent away to the west of England at a late hour on Wednesday night. Camp equipages, muskets, &c. have been forwarded to the troops in the north. The troops in the neighborhood of the manufacturing districts are so numerous that there is not sufficient barrack room for them, and camps are to be formed. Thirty thousand muskets for the home service have been ordered, and the furnishers and gunsmiths in the Tower have been, and are now, actively employed in getting them ready; and indeed, the most active measures are now being adopted to preserve the peace of the country.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

Thursday next being the day of the national celebration of Independence, the usual weekly Lecture on that day will be omitted.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, in Chardon Street Chapel, on Sunday morning, June 23d, by Rev. Mr Himes, Mr William E. Hearsey, to Miss Nancy B. Smith.

In this city, Charles Henshaw, Esq. to Miss Hannah, daughter of Tobias Lord, Esq. of New York; Mr Amos C. Clapp to Miss Catharine M. Lambert.

In Andover, Wm. Stevens, Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Miss Elizabeth Barnard, daughter of the late Hon. John Phillips.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Mehitable Pettingall, a native of Canton, Mass., 70.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, Mrs Margaret, relict of the late Capt. Nathaniel Goodwin, 81.

In this city, Susan Olivia Homes, daughter of Mr Theodore W. Cunningham, 14 months.

In Cambridgeport, of scarlet fever, 18th inst. Susan Emerson, daughter of John and Susan Eaton, four years and nine months.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1839.

The ensuing Fourth of July will be celebrated in Faneuil Hall, by a public dinner, on Temperance principles, at which addresses will be made by several gentlemen of distinction from various parts of the State.

A select band of music will be in attendance to perform appropriate music, and several original Odes will be sung.

Our friends throughout the Commonwealth are invited to join with us in the festivities of the occasion, and we hope for an interesting and agreeable entertainment.—Further arrangements will be noticed hereafter.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Edward Brooks,	Daniel Denny,
S. G. Shipley,	James C. Converse,
John C. Gray,	Henry Edwards,
James Clark,	Alvan Simonds,
Wm. W. Stone,	P. H. Sweetser,
John C. Warren,	William B. Spooner,
Benjamin Adams,	John H. Sweet,
Chas. G. Loring,	William C. Brown,
Richard Austin,	Moses Grant,
John A. Bolles,	Geo. W. Bazin,
Alden Bradford,	Wm. T. Eustis,
Stephen Fairbanks,	Samuel E. Brackett,
Thos. Patten,	Loring Norcross,
Francis Jackson,	T. R. Marvin,
James Savage,	Ruggles Slack,

Tickets may be had at the Bookstore of Perkins & Marvin, W. D. Ticknor, James Munroe & Co., Samuel G. Simpkins, and Whipple & Damrell, at Kenfield's, 4th Ward House, and at the Counting Room of the Mercantile Journal.

An early application for tickets will facilitate the arrangements. june 29

MRS FOLLEN'S POEMS.—Poems by Mrs Follen, author of 'Married Life.' 'The Skeptic.' &c. &c. with an engraving of Pulpit Rock, Nahant. Just published and for sale by WM CROSBY & CO. je 29

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

THE subscribers have for sale a good collection of Juvenile Books, suited to children of all ages—among which are many by the most popular authors, viz. Mrs Follen, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs Sigourney, Miss Cabot, Mary Howitt, Jacob Abbott, John S. C. Abbott, &c. &c.

Also a good collection of School, Theological and Miscellaneous Books at the lowest prices. WM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington St. je29

EVER-POINTED PENCIL CASES.—The subscribers have lately received from the manufactory of Messrs Addison & Co., a large assortment of Silver Pencil Cases of every variety of pattern, which they will sell at the lowest prices by the dozen or single. WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington St. je 29

ERRORS OF PHRENOLOGY EXPOSED.—An Examination of Phrenology, in two Lectures, delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, Feb. 1837. By Thomas Sewall, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.—Second edition, revised and enlarged—8vo. plates, cloth. For sale at TICKNOR'S. je. 29.

PHILOSCPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—*Contents*—Introductory, touching the age at which a man should marry, concerning the requisites of a wife; Courtship; Proposal and Marriage; a few words on family matters. Just published and for sail at TICKNOR'S. je. 29.

REV. DR. BURROUGHS'S EULOGY ON DR PIERREPONT.—Eulogy delivered in Christ's Church. Portsmouth, at the interment of James Herrey Pierrepont, M. D., Sunday, Jan. 17, 1839, by request of the Medical Faculty. By Charles Burroughs, D. D. Just received at TICKNOR'S. je 29

FOR THE TRADE.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. keep on hand for the trade and retail, the publications of most of the Southern houses.—D. Appleton & Co. S. Colman, John S. Taylor, Ransom & Co., Wiley & Putnam, Collins, Keese & Co., Raynors, &c. New York; Whetham, Perkins, Marshal & Co., Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. &c. Philadelphia; Phinney, Cooperstown; Hunt, Middletown, &c. &c. All at the publishers prices. je. 29.

REV. DR. BURROUGHS'S EULOGY ON DR. 'PIEREPONT.—Eulogy delivered in Christ's Church, Portsmouth, at the interment of James Hervey Pierrepont, M. D. Sunday, Jan 17, 1839, by request of the Medical Faculty. By Charles Burroughs, D. D. This day published and for sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121, Washington street. je 29.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.'—WEEKS JORDAN & CO., published this day Charles Hartland, or the Village Missionary, by the author of 'The House I Live In.'

'In the following stories, though based on fact, the real names of the individuals concerned have been withheld. The reasons for this will be obvious, when it is understood that some of the individuals referred to are still living.'—[Preface, extract. Je 29

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Cambridge, April 13th, 1838. n 24

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Je. 22.

LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ALL persons, who have books belonging to the Library of the university, are, by law, requested to return them *before* or *on* Wednesday the 26th instant.

The Library will be re-opened for the use of books on Monday, July the 22nd, between the hours of 9 and 12, A. M. T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*
Cambridge, June 6, 1839.

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THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE FOREST ROSE.

It bloomed unseen in beauty there,
A meek and tender flower;
'Twas nurtured by the dews of love,
It breathed the zephyrs from above,
And drank the genial shower.

Its sweetness borne upon the gale,
Perfumed the desert air;
And oft, by noontide I eat oppressed,
The weary traveller would rest,
To taste the fragrance there.

But still it shrank from earthly praise,
Nor woo'd its friendship sweet;
Beneath the forest's verdant shade,
It sought to hide its blushing head,
No ardent gaze to meet.

So, like that lovely forest rose,
The Christian's heart is found;
The world's fond praise it covets not,
Content to bloom by all forgot,
Within its humble bound.

Unseen, it sheds an influence, soft
As Gilead's healing balm;
It sends the breath of love and peace,
Beyond its narrow resting place,
The troubled soul to calm.

It breathes no sigh for beauty's garb,
Nor courts a Kingly throne;
But cheered by truth's unfailing ray,
Onward it meekly treads its way,
Trusting in God alone.

That blooming flower must droop and die,
And bend before the storm;
But spring, with sunny hours will come,
And raise above its silent tomb,
A brighter lovelier form.

So death must lay the Christian low
To mingle with the dust;
But soon that glorious morn will rise,
That bids him welcome to the skies,
To mansions of the just.

L. B. T.

(From the Western Messenger.)

NIAGARA.

I stood within a vision's spell.
I saw—I heard. The liquid thunder
Went pouring to its loaming Hell,
And it fell,
Ever, ever fell
Into the invisible abyss that opened under.

I stood upon a speck of ground.
Before me fell a stormy ocean:
I was like a captive bound,
And around,
A universe of sound
Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.

Down, down forever—down, down forever,
Something falling, falling, falling!
Up, up forever—up, up forever,
Resting never,
Boiling up forever,
Clouds from the deeps, to lower deeps still calling!

A tone that since the birth of man,
Was never for a moment broken:—
A sight that since the world began,
And waters ran,
Hath ever spoke to man—
Of God and of eternity hath spoken.

Foam-clouds ceasing not to rise,
Bursting up, with cold spray boiling—
Rainbows stooping from the skies,
Charm the eyes;
Beautiful they rise,
Cheering the cataracts to their mighty tolling.

And in that vision as it passed,
Was gathered Terror, Beauty, Power:
And now, when all has fled—too fast—
And I at last
Dream of the dreamy Past,
How fondly do I linger upon that glorious hour!

C. P. C.

CHILDREN.

'Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust and mirth,
Richest wealth and purest treasures,
In this mean and guilty earth.

'How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs.

'On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within;

'But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutored smiles,
Yours the heart sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles:

'Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

'The dull slaves of gain or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

'Write them childless, those cold hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest Thy blessings come too soon.

'While he hath a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trust a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear or need.

'But for thee, whose heart is lonely
And unwarend by Children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth.

'All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
All unlov'd by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art:'

Blackwood's Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUDUBON: THE BIRDS OF AMERICA.

We hail with no ordinary gratification the approaching termination of the great work of the American ornithologist. The fourth and last volume of plates has made its appearance, and another of text will bring the publication to a close. Many years of laborious exertion, amid difficulties sufficient to weary the most long-suffering patience and overcome the stoutest courage, has the persevering author devoted to this great work; and the prospect of its proximate and successful termination cannot but awaken in his breast the most lively feelings of satisfaction and pride. Throughout his arduous labors he has been chiefly sustained by that self-rewarding devotion to science, and love for the beautiful objects of his studies, without which no foreign assistance or extrinsic advantages could have availed to consummate the elevated purpose which he had set before him. In the progress of his comprehensive undertaking he has had to perform many journeys and voyages; several times has he crossed the broad Atlantic; he has traversed the northern portion of the American continent from the seaboard to the far West; from the bleak coast of Labrador to the farthest Cape of Florida. But to him this has been a labor of love. His delight has been to live among the 'Birds of America.' He is actuated by an enthusiast's passion for the feathered songsters of the air, and the winged denizens of the forest. They are his favorite companions, the idols of his heart. He seems to feel himself kindred with them; as it were, of the same feather. If the doctrine of the metempsychosis be true, Audubon has either emerged from, or is destined, at his death, to enter, the body of a bird. We can conceive of nothing more amiable or interesting than this beautiful enthusiasm for those fair creatures of the Deity, who, it has been finely said, represent, in the animal kingdom, the flowers of the vegetable world.

But his admiration is not exclusive. It embraces all those natural objects and incidents which are kindred to his pursuits. The majestic forest, the waving prairie, the solitary strand of ocean, the winding river, the embosomed lake—all the productions of nature, beast, fish, reptile, insect—the roving adventure, the stealthy repast of the hunter, the mossy bed beneath the Chaldean canopy of stars—all these come in for a share of his love and admiration. Listen to the following eloquent passage and say, reader,—cockney though you be by birth and habits—if you are not tempted to snatch a trusty gun, buckle a knapsack on your shoulders, and sally forth in quest of adventure.

'The life which I have led has been in some respects, a singular one. Think of a person intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch, on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable, saluting the magnificent orb from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and, as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey, or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtian over the scene, his repast is finished, and, kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the Divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and, closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.'

Audubon's history is a striking proof of what may be accomplished by a high, self-relying resolution. He has not only had the many obstacles naturally incident to his enterprise to cope with, but in the beginning, when encouragement was most needed, he suffered from the reproaches of 'evil tongues.' His statements were pronounced to be erroneous, and his representations exaggerated, if not false. We all know how triumphantly his assertions of the climbing habits, or rather faculty, of the rattlesnake, and visual guidance of the vulture tribe to their food, have been sustained; the former by copious and authentic testimony, including the corroboration of that good sportsman, as well as true soldeir, our worthy townsman, General Gibson; the latter by the conclusive experiments of the Rev. Mr. Bachman of Charleston, S. C. (a name honorable to American science) and his associates. It may not be out of the way to observe here, that, in one of Audubon's later excursions to the southwest, he succeeded in obtaining a fine specimen of the climbing rattlesnake, with recurved fangs, which together with others, is now in his possession. Yet it was upon these points, mainly, that his veracity and merits as a man of science were questioned.

With regard to the accuracy of his plates, the public have long since pronounced in their favor. The beauty of the specimens selected, the truth and spirit of the attitudes, the picturesque accessories which make each plate, at the same time, a characteri tic landscape, doubtless, give a relief and brilliancy to the drawings not to be found in any similar productions. To exaggerate here, were to determine; for in the portraiture of these beautiful inhabitants of the air, it is not possible to improve upon or surpass nature. The attempt were, indeed,

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet.'

The richness and color of his descriptions derive their character from the imaginative mind, and ardent temperament of the author. *Le style c'est l'homme*, is a French axiom of unquestionable truth. But we have the best authority for saying that his scientific descriptions are accurate and clear. Audubon, like Buffon, has the rare merit of combining a high literary charm with the severity and precision exacted by science. He is not a mere observer and describer of external forms. Maintaining that no perfect knowledge of the affinities of species can be obtained until their internal organization is known, he has omitted no opportunity of verifying and illustrating his opinion by careful dissection and preparation of the internal structure. 'I believe,' observes he, 'the time to be fast approaching when much of the results obtained from the inspection of the exterior alone will be laid aside; when museums filled with stuffed skins will be considered insufficient to afford a knowledge of birds; and when the student will go forth not only to observe the habits and haunts of animals, but to procure specimens of them to be carefully dissected.

Not the least pleasant trait in the character of Audubon is the gratitude which he exhibits for his patrons and friends. He loses no opportunity of paying them the tribute, not of flattery, but of genuine feeling. Among them, that eminent comparative anatomist, Dr. Richard Harlan of Philadelphia, now abroad, who stood by him manfully in his early difficulties, and has ever been to him a true friend, occupies a prominent place. We are gratified to learn from his grateful testimony, that the Government of the United States has done every thing in its power to facilitate its noble labors. The secretary of the Treasury, with great promptitude, and liberality, placed a revenue cutter at his disposition, and he speaks in warm terms of the President and other heads of Department. With Gen. Jackson, when President, he tells us that he and his son, 'dined, *sans facon*, both of us in the undress best suited to practical students of nature. And here I may inform you, that I have seldom eaten of a better wild turkey than the one which graced his table, and which had been procured not many miles distant from our centre of political intercourse.' In Col. Abert, too, of the Topographical Corps, he has ever found an intelligent and obliging friend.

We are sure that all parties will be pleased to see the Federal authorities promoting, as far as is permitted by our peculiar system of of Government, the elevated and enduring pursuits of learning. To the present Secretary of War, himself a scholar and a man of science, is the country much indebted for his designs and exertions to this end. To his enlightened views and praiseworthy efforts, (in spite of absorbing occupations and feeble health,) in the organization and direction of the Exploring Expedition, will be chiefly due whatever results it is destined to accomplish. Under his direction, an eminent natural philosopher is now exploring scientifically, the approaches to the Rocky Mountains, and we have just had the pleasure of perusing a succinct, but comprehensive and instructive essay upon Meteorology, from his pen, drawn up at the suggestion of Mr. Poinsett.

We cannot close this rapid notice without citing one more brief passage so illustrative of the enthusiasm and resolution of Audubon, who, in his own language, is now 'somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region.

'When I last left Edinburgh, I proceeded to London, full of the desire to revisit my native land before concluding my work. It was my wish to cross the continent of America, gaze on the majestic wilds of the Rocky Mountains, wander along the green valleys of the Oregon, and search the shores of the Pacific Ocean and a portion of North-California; but circumstances denied me the pleasure anticipated.'

A man so endowed, and resolved, will persevere unto the end, and at last die in harness. —[*Globe.*]

A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN'S DWELLING.

For the interior arrangement of the houses, the custom is to have as many rooms as possible, opening on suite. If the reception rooms are on the first floor, the ground tier is low and reserved for servant's rooms, offices, &c. The kitchen is generally in a detached building. The bed room of the master and mistress of the house is usually connected with the drawing room or saloon, by folding doors, which stand open all day, so that any one who pleases may enter. Sometimes a folding screen runs across the room, so as to conceal the bed, washing stand, &c., and sometimes when the lady has a separate dressing room, the bed is exposed without hangings, but covered with a handsome silk quilt, while the toilette table displays the usual silver boxes and cut glass bottles which belong to a handsome dressing case. The rooms by no means boast the same comfort and luxury of furniture which exists in England; the sofas are stiff and hard, and the chairs and tables heavy and clumsy, castors being seldom used; and the walls, instead of being prepared or painted, are in general merely whitewashed or colored. I do not mean to say that elegant furniture is unknown in Russia, but that it is not generally diffused as in England. Indeed its preposterous expense must confine it to the houses, and for the most part to the town houses of a very few rich people.—Gams of Petersburg, will fit up a house with the utmost luxury and good taste, but then his charges would be double what would be paid to a first rate London upholsterer. Refinement cannot be considered as naturalized in any country till it can be obtained at a reasonable price, and can therefore become habitual to the people. To return to Russian rooms.—The floors are generally bare, with the exception of a small carpet in one corner; they are composed of neatly inlaid wood, or boards painted in imitation of a perquet. Almost every apartment, without excepting the bed rooms, is a passage; and this is an inconvenience to which the Russians do not appear at all sensible.—Since there are no bells, except one sometimes which communicates from the saloon into the ante-room, the servants cannot live in one part of the house and their masters in another, an arrangement so materially contributing to the comfort of both, nor can the doors be shut on all that ought to lie behind the scenes. Here the footman must be close to the saloon, and the valet must be within call of his master, the maids must be next door to their mistress's bedroom; and each in general sleeps by night where he or she sat by day.—[*Venable's Scenes in Russia.*

PARISIAN LADIES; AMERICAN CLIMATE.

Our climate is noted for three eminent qualities, extreme heat and cold, and the extreme suddenness of change. If a lady has bad teeth, or a bad complexion, she lays the blame conveniently upon this climate, if her beauty, like a tender flower, fades before noon, it is the climate; if she has a bad temper or even a snub nose, still it is the climate. But our climate is active and intellectual, especially in winter, and in all seasons more pure and transparent than these inky skies of Europe. It sustains the infancy of beauty, and why not its maturity? it spares the bud, and why not the opened blossom or the ripened fruit?—Our negroes are perfect in teeth, and why not the whites? The chief preservative of beauty, in any country is health, and there is no place in which this great interest is so little attended to as in America. To be sensible of this, you must visit Europe. You must see the deep bosomed maids of England upon the Place Vendome, and the Rue Castilione. There you will see no pinched and mean looking shoulders over-looking the plumpness and round sufficiency of a luxuriant tournure; the account is balanced, however gross the amount. As for the French women, a constant attention to the quantity and quality of their food is an article of their faith; and bathing and exercise are as regular as their meals. When children, they play around in their gardens; they have their gymnastic exercises in their schools, and their dancing and other social amusements keep up a healthful temperament throughout life. Besides, a young lady here does not put her waist in the inquisition. Fashion, usually insane, and an enemy to health, has grown sensible in this; she regards a very small waist as a defect, and points to the Venus de Medici, who stands out boldly in the Tuileries, in vindication and testimony of the human shape; and now among ladies of good breeding, a waist which cannot dispense with tight lacing is thought not worth the mantuamaker's bill—not worth the squeezing. When I left America, the more a woman looked like an hour glass, like two funnels or two extinguishers converging, the more she was pretty; and the waist in esteem by the cockney curiosity of the town, was one you would pinch between thumb and finger; giving her a withered complexion, consumptive lungs and rickety children. If this is not reformed, alas, the republic! A French woman's beauty, as it is, lasts her lifetime, by the care she takes of it. Her limbs are vigorous, her bosom well developed, her color healthy, and she has a greater moral courage, and is a hundred times better fitted to dashing enterprise, than the woman of our cities.—[Sketches of Paris.

FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT.

Cooper, in his Naval History, gives the following interesting account of the first Naval engagement in the revolutionary war;

The first nautical enterprise that succeeded the battle of Lexington, was one purely of private adventure. The intelligence of this conflict was brought to Machias, in Maine, on Saturday, the 9th of May, 1775. An armed schooner called the Margaretta, in the service of the crown, was lying in port, with two sloops under the convoy, that were loading with lumber, on behalf of the King's Government. Those who brought the news were enjoined to be silent, a plan to capture the Margaretta having been immediately projected among some of the more spirited of the inhabitants. The next day being Sunday, it was hoped that the officers of the latter might be seized while in church, but the scheme failed in consequence of the precipitation of those engaged. Captain Moore, who commanded the Margaretta, saw the assailants, and with his officers, escaped through the windows of the church to the shore, where they were protected by the guns of the schooner. The alarm was now taken, springs were got on the Margaretta's cables, and a few harmless shot were fired over the town, by way of intimidation. After a little delay, however, the schooner dropped down below the town, to a distance exceeding a league. Here she was followed, summoned to surrender, and fired on from a high bank, which her own shot could not reach. The Margaretta again weighed, and running into the bay at the confluence of the two rivers, anchored.

The following morning which was Monday, the 11th of May, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and bringing her alongside of a lumber wharf, they gave three cheers as a signal for volunteers. On explaining that their intentions were to make an attaek on the Margaretta, a party of about thirty-five athletic men was soon collected. Arming themselves with fire arms, pitchforks and axes, and throwing a small stock of provisions on board, these spirited freemen made sail on their craft, with a light breeze at North West. When the Margaretta observed the approach of the sloop, she weighed and crowded sail to avoid a conflict, that was every way undesirable, as her commander was not apprised of all the facts that had occurred near Boston. In jibing, the schooner carried away her main-boom, but continued to stand on, she she ran into Holmes' Bay, and took a spar out of a vessel that was then lying there. While these repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight, and the Margaretta stood out to sea in hope of avoiding her. The wind now freshened, and the sloop proved to be the better sailer, with the wind on the quarter. So anxious was the Margaretta to avoid a collision, that Capt. Moore now cut away his boats; but finding this ineffectual, and that his assailants were fast closing with him, he opened a fire, the schooner having an armament of four light guns, and thirteen swivels. A man was killed on board the sloop, which immediately returned the fire with a wall piece. This discharge killed the man at the Margaretta's helm, and cleared her quarter deck. The schooner broached to, when the sloop gave a general discharge. Almost at the instant the two vessels came foul of each other. A short conflict now took place with muskets—Capt. Moore throwing hand grenades with considerable effect, in person. This officer was immediately afterwards shot down, however, when the people of the sloop boarded and took possession of the Margaretta.

The loss of life in this affair was not very great though twenty men on both sides, are said to have been killed and wounded. The force of the Margaretta, even in men was much the more considerable, though the crew of no regular can equal in spirit and energy, a body of volunteers assembled on an occasion like this. There was originally no commander in the sloop, but previously to engaging the schooner, Jeremiah O'Brien was selected for that station. This affair was the Lexington of the seas, for like that celebrated land conflict, it was the rising of a people against a regular force, was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle, and a triumph. It was also the first blow struck on the water, after the war of the American Revolution had actually commenced.

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